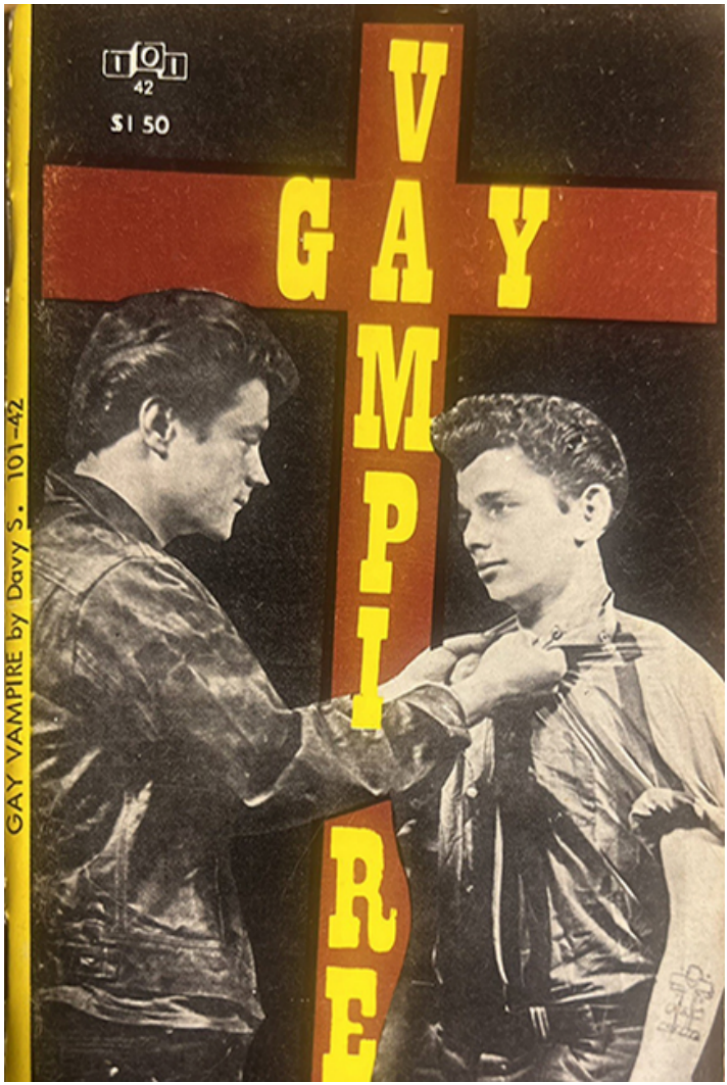
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GAY VAMPIRE
GAY VAMPIRE by Davy S. 101-42

Gay Vampire

BY

Davy S.

101

Book 42

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“The Prince of Darkness is a gay gentleman.”
—Shakespeare King Lear, Act 3, Scene 4

CHAPTER 1

Davy knew he was going to be late, but actually he didn't care. He loved his pretty yellow convertible very much, and he loved to take long drives in it… but like always he drove alone. He had no friends at school or anywhere for that matter. Besides, he didn't know how to make them. No one understood him. The boys at school called him a sissy. Well, he couldn't help it if he wasn't like them. He had no feelings for them anyway. The girls called him cuddly toy. Sure, he was rather small, but he couldn't help that either.

He glanced up into his rearview mirror.

Actually he was very good looking, small, stood only 5′ 3″ tall in his bare feet. He didn't have any skin problems like so many other boys his age. He had a smooth baby face, but oh how he hated to be called baby face. His hair was as black as the night and his eyes as blue as the sky in the springtime. He wore his hair rather long, the mod style, but so did a lot of other boys. His sister, Dianne treated him like a baby, but he didn't care, he loved her anyway.

His mother, Aline, died when he was very small, and his father, Michael was too wrapped in his business to spend any time at home with Davy.

He was a good man, though. He had bought the car as a birthday gift for Davy, and it was his proudest possession. He was too bashful to ask for dates.

He had gotten courage enough to ask a girl out once, but she laughed at him. Said she didn't go out with oddballs. He couldn't figure out why she had called him that. He loved home, that is where he was happiest, but since he had gotten his car, he would go for long drives in the country.

He couldn't stand that girl Carolyn, she was a whore. He had heard about her and had avoided her. She was the only girl in school that flirted with him.

He knew what she really wanted, but she wasn't getting it from him. She was attracted to that boy, Fred Weller, but she wasn't getting it from him. He was attracted to that boy, Fred Weller, for some odd reason. He couldn't figure out why. He would dream

about Fred loving him and holding him. Fred was so tall and masculine and handsome. Everyone liked him.

Even if they didn't, Davy knew that he would always love Fred.

He sure hated going to school. It was a drag. He didn't know what he wanted really.

If only Fred would look his way. He'd be so proud, but no, Fred hardly even knew poor Davy was alive. But he wasn't about to give up, no sir. Maybe someday Fred would take notice of him. He could still dream of Fred, no harm in that.

Davy's thoughts ran through his mind quickly. Sometimes he hated to think. Most of his thoughts were only dreams, ifs, and ands.

Maybe he did live in a dream world. It wasn't bothering anyone, so why should he worry about it? If only his dreams were true, then he really would be happy.

Soon he had turned off onto Collins Street, a few blocks down, and he'd be home. Home, a wonderful thought. He turned the flashy yellow convertible into the driveway, then turned off the ignition. The engine became silent and the car was as still as the night. Slowly he got from the car and went into the house.

"David!" Dianne called from the kitchen.

"Yes?" Davy went to her.

"Darling, I just wanted to tell you that tomorrow I'm supposed to go with Bill to see his mother. She is very ill, the poor dear. We're to leave early. Do you mind? It'll be late when we get in."

"Of course, I don't mind." Davy forced a smile, he knew it wouldn't do him any good if he did mind, she'd go anyway. He had learned that long ago. "Just be careful, she lives quite far."

"O.K., darling." Dianne smiled. "Where have you been?"

"Just riding." Davy answered. "I've got to go shower. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, dear." Dianne kissed him gently on the cheek. "Sweet dreams."

"Yeah, sure." Davy thought. Sweet dreams about what.

Morning came quickly, but Davy slept through most of it. It was around eleven a.m. and he was still sleeping soundly when he was awakened by the constant ring of the doorbell.

"My gosh, who on earth could that be?" He hurried downstairs, not bothering to get a robe.

He was clad in pajamas only.

“Who’s there?” he called loudly. Upon hearing a girl’s voice he quickly opened the door, but to his shock it was…

“It’s about time sleepyhead.” Carolyn said as she pushed past him and then closed the door and latched it. “Well, now, aren’t you cute in those pretty silk pajamas.”

Davy sat down on the couch and looked at his enemy, Carolyn Reed… the school troublemaker. “What did you come here for?”

“You’re alone, dear handsome boy.” Carolyn looked around. “Nice, very nice fancy home. Nice to have a rich old man.”

She looked about the house then back at Davy, who sat timidly on the couch. “Lovely Davy.”

She smiled sweetly and approached him. “You are so sexy, so handsome, so dreamy. I’ve got the hots for you, babe. Your sister is gone, so I decided to come see you, doll boy.”

“Girls aren’t supposed to visit boys,” Davy said, still not looking at her.

“This is leap year, my dear. I have the perfect right to visit a boy, especially you. I want you to make love to me. If I don’t get you pretty soon, I do believe I’ll go out of my mind. I’m giving myself to you, doll boy, all of me to do as you wish with.”

“You must be crazy!” Davy started to get up, but Carolyn pushed him back onto the couch.

“No, you ain’t goin’ nowhere. I came here for you to make love to me, and I’m not leaving till you do.”

“You can’t be serious!” Davy was not really surprised, for he knew she was a cheap tramp and he wanted no part of her. Besides, he wouldn’t know where to begin.

“Honey doll, I’m more serious than you’d ever dream.” Carolyn grabbed Davy’s hand and held it to her breast making him rub roughly.

Davy jerked his hand away. Carolyn looked at Davy and then began to laugh. “What’s the matter, doll boy, haven’t you ever screwed a girl before? Or is it true what the boys say about you? That you sleep with males only?”

“Stop it!” Davy yelled, near tears. “You’re insane.”

“No, baby, you are.” Carolyn laughed. “You’re either queer or don’t know what it’s all about. Ever been with a girl?”

Davy didn’t answer, he just stood there, not really believing it was all happening to him.

This girl must be out of her mind, Davy thought, surely no

female would act like she was. Then again he realized that there were many like her, but he never dreamed he'd be victim to one.

"I asked you a simple question, dear." Carolyn ran her hand along his thigh.

"No, I've never been with a girl." Davy heard himself say, how he had gotten the courage to say that, he'd never know.

"Oh, swell, I'll be your first. A virgin male. I've never had one! Oh, great!" Carolyn squealed with delight.

"No, I won't do anything. Now please go." Davy said softly, not wanting to look at her.

"Oh, no, I won't go." Carolyn laughed. "You're a coward, a yellow coward… no, let's say you're not man enough. Little baby, have you got your diaper on? Perhaps it needs changing, or would you prefer a bottle to nurse on."

Carolyn grabbed Davy's crotch. "Wow, you are big, aren't you!"

"Stop it!" Davy leaped from the couch and backed away from her.

"You're a sissy queer," Carolyn teased.

"I am not a sissy!" Davy yelled, becoming angry now. "I'm not and don't you call me one."

"Yes, you are a sissy." Carolyn teased on and laughed louder. She began to strip. "Let's see what you think about this."

Davy couldn't take his eyes away from her. He tried, but something kept making his eyes rove back to her naked body. He had never seen a girl nude before, except in nude magazines that some of the boys at school had made him look at. He didn't know what to do. But for some reason he felt aroused as he watched her stroll about naked, posing in provocative poses.

"No… I won't do it… it's wrong!" Davy yelled. "Get your clothes on!"

"You're a sissy!" Carolyn teased and laughed. "Sissy queer! That's what you are. Sissy… sissy… sissy," she yelled over and over as she laughed and posed for him.

Davy's anger grew and finally he could stand no more. "I'll show you what kind of sissy I am!" Davy yelled and jerked her into his arms and kissed her hard, trying to hurt her.

He would give her something she'd never forget. The rougher he was the more she seemed to like it. He loved hard and bitterly. He didn't even know he could. Actually, he wasn't himself. Instead, he was an angered wild man. He took all his heartaches, amusements,

all the pain and loneliness he had felt and witnessed and smashed them into one angry hell and it all went on the delirious female. But he wasn't hurting her, she loved the wildest type of sex and he was giving it to her.

Davy stumbled away from the nude girl lying on the carpeted floor. He fell into the big sofa chair and did his best to keep from vomiting. There had been no pleasure in the act. Nothing but sick regret at going through with it and pleasing this wicked woman. She had tricked him into something he had tried to avoid.

Carolyn laughed as she rose from the floor and began to dress. "Wow! doll boy, all I can say is that I enjoyed every minute of it. You're a damn good lover when you're mad."

Carolyn laughed and started for the door. "Know something, doll boy? You've certainly got what it takes, if only you knew how to use it," she laughed merrily. "When you're not mad."

Davy sat there… he felt sick… the nauseated feeling crept over him… he ran to the bathroom where he became very sick. He felt rotten.

After a short while he rose and stumbled into the shower and turned on the water. He had to wash the filthy smell off of himself… including his clothes. He scrubbed himself hard and good then rinsed in water just as hot as he could stand it. Then he dried his smooth white body and stood before his mirror on the door.

"Well, you did it, didn't you? You found out what it was like, a terrible, rotten, filthy act it was… sex… it stinks… I hate it… it's ugly. That stupid slut, she won't ever trick me again like that, no sir… not me… not any girl." Then he began to cry. "Why am I crying?" he asked himself. "I know why, because no one understands me, no one likes me, because I'm… oh, hell… I don't know what's wrong with me. Why can't I be like other boys? I'm certainly not ugly. I'm really beautiful."

Davy then giggled to himself. "Well, now I'm not conceited, am I?" He reached for his shirt and quickly put it on. Then he looked back into his mirror. "You are quite a lovely fellow, you are." He spoke seriously to himself.

"Even I can't figure you out sometimes, you're such a strange fellow. And I should know you better than anyone else does. Oh, well."

Davy ended his conversation with himself and went into his room, where he finished dressing.

He didn't know what he would do to pass the time, but after a brief glance about the house, he decided he'd go for a ride in the country. He quickly changed into something more casual, but nice, then started out. He paused in front of a mirror. Here, he licked his index finger and went over each of his eyebrows, which were rich, black and thick. He didn't know why he always did that, but he did.

He took the pink puff and slightly powdered his face, then he left. He hurried to his waiting car.

He quickly got into his car and started the engine, then backed out of the drive. He loved his home, and his car, but there seemed to be something he was searching for. He felt sure that someday he'd find it. If he didn't, then he'd surely go insane.

He soon passed through town and turned off the highway. He'd been driving for nearly an hour, when he decided he'd stop somewhere and walk for a while. He turned off onto a small dirt road that led up to a lovely meadow with a large group of trees surrounding it. He parked his car in the shade of a huge shady oak tree and then got out. He yawned and stretched, for he was tired from driving for so long. "Gosh, it's beautiful out here and so peaceful… peaceful like the great father had intended it to be." Davy spoke aloud to himself. He had been wandering about for over an hour when he decided that he would go for a swim in the lovely lake. He looked at the cool clear water for only a moment, then he squatted down to check if it was cold. He didn't want to catch a cold or something.

"That water ain't safe to go swimmin' in, son," a gruff voice said from behind him.

Davy quickly looked around. An old man walked over to him and smiled.

"It's got too many deep drop offs in it. Used to be an oil derrick here. Stood over fifty to seventy feet high and the whole thing just sunk plum outta site. Never to be seen again, men, equipment, derrick, and all. It's been a lake ever since then. Fer a long time it was oily and dirty, but as the years aged it, it became clear and the grass started to growin' around it. Made a beautiful grave for those men down there. Ain't got no bottom to it out in the center yonder. Least no one has ever found it yet." The old man picked up a fishing pole over by a tree and casted the line into the water. "Shore is lotsa fish in this here lake, tho'," he said as he sat down on the bank.

Davy sat down near the old man. He was interested in this strange character.

Finally, he spoke, “Wasn’t there some kind of a warning? I mean about the sinking derrick? Looks like they could’ve gotten away before it had gone down too deeply.”

“Impossible,” the old man answered. “That derrick was sucked under faster’n you kin say ‘Hell’s in high water, everbody swim.’”

Davy laughed, “First time I’ve ever heard a saying like that.”

“You’re still young, sonny. You’ve got quite a lot to learn. You’re a mighty nice looking boy, so I’m sure there’ll be lots of doors opened to you, as you grow up.” The old man smiled. “Oops, looks like I gotta bite.” He pulled at his line. “Nope, dern fish got away.”

“Where do you live?” Davy asked.

“Over yonder, sonny.” The old man pointed toward the distance, but all Davy could see were trees and shrubbery. “Not too awfully far. I come here almost every day, nice and peaceful it is. Like to take in the sunshine and do a bit of fishin’… been comin’ around here for over eighty years.”

“Golly?” Davy looked at the old man who still sat at the lake’s bank. Davy had moved over by the tree and was leaning against it. “Eighty years, you must be pretty old.”

The old man scratched at his white choppy bear, “Yep, shore am, had a long hard life, purty lonely too. Yer the first person I’ve talked to in many a day. Seems now-a-days no one wants to listen to what an old man has to say.”

“I do,” Davy said softly. “I could listen to you for hours on end. Believe me… uh… what’s your name?”

“Jest call me Jake.” Jake looked at Davy and smiled. “Bet yer name is David.”

“How’d you know?” Davy asked in surprise.

“Let’s just say a little robin whispered it into my ear,” the old man winked at him.

“As I was about to say… Jake, I enjoy listening to you and believe me I’ve enjoyed every minute I’ve been sitting here just listening to you.”

“Listen and learn.” Jake looked into Davy’s liquid blue eyes. “You’ll find many things you’ve often wondered about if you listen to what others have to say, especially your elders. For they are the wise ones, David.”

“Yes, Jake, I know.” Davy smiled sweetly. He liked this old man.

There was a strangeness about him that Davy couldn't figure out. "Have you lived here long?"

"Yes, all my life, I have lived here. I know this land's many secrets and even its hidden evilness." Jake answered, his voice changed to a strange tone. "I'm tellin' you this fer yer own good and because I like you. Whatever you do, don't ever play around the Sacred Heaven's Cemetery, for there lies the devil. If he were to rise he would take your life and many others. Stay away David, stay away. Listen to ole Jake Summer's advice and don't go there for any reason."

Davy looked at the old man in surprise. "The devil?"

"Don't tell no one that I told you about that, ya hear?" the old man said as he rubbed his beard roughly, as if he were scared or annoyed. "Yer a smart boy, and I don't think you'd tell no one iffin I ask ya not to, sides they won't believe you, boy, they'd say ya were crazy, they would, believe me, boy, do believe me."

"I'd believe anything that you told me." Davy smiled. "I can see the truth written in your eyes. I believe you."

"You're a rare boy indeed, my boy. A real rare boy." The old man patted Davy on the head. "A rare and good boy. You ain't got no friends, now. But someday them folks'll kick themselves fer not treatin' you better. But you jest take it easy, some of them thar folks are downright evil and no good. They take advantage of a lonely boy like you, David. Don't you worry about not havin' no one. You'll find that life in tha future'll be lots better fer ya. When yer young, like you, and don't go gallobattin' about day in and day out, night after night, ya learn a hell of a lot more and understand yerself and better yerself much more in life. Them there females that try to make ya git in their pants, they ain't no good. You jest don't bother with 'em anymore."

Davy was shocked. Did this old man know about Davy's affair with that horrible Carolyn this morning. But how could he know? Davy had never seen this man before in his whole life.

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. How did this old man know so much about everything?

He also wondered if the old man knew about Fred, and how Davy felt about the handsome boy. What would the old man say if he did know. Davy felt like telling him, but decided against it. He'd hate for the old man to be against his love of Fred. He decided he'd best not say anything. Just let the old man say what he wanted to

say. But if he did come up with Fred, then Davy knew that there had to be something really weird about him, but how could he know?

“Yer Daddy ought to been spendin’ more time with you than he does, boy, but he’s an oil man and all the oil men love only what that there black gold can bring ‘em. They ain’t got no concern fer tha ones they’re supposed to love.”

Davy sat there in puzzlement. He just couldn’t figure it out. This old man was stranger than he thought.

“You jest stay away from them thar oil fields boy, you jest keep on hatin’ ‘em just like you do, cause them oil fields can make or they can break ya. When ya got loads of money, people nearly break their fool necks trying to be nice to ya, but when ya ain’t got no money stall, then they jest kick ya aside, boy,” the old man got from where he was sitting and rolled up his line around his pole. “I guess I’d better be gittin on home. I won’t ya to come ‘round sometimes soon now and see me.”

“I sure will.” Davy answered and also got up. “Would you like for me to take you home?”

“No, sonny boy, I like to walk, does a feller lotsa good to git out an’ walk,” the old man said. “Better not ferget your jacket ya left layin’ over there, boy, ya might need it some night.”

“Ok, ok,” Davy turned his back to the old man and went over to get his jacket. “I’d like to come back and talk with you some more. You really made my day a bright and cheery one, Jake.”

Davy turned around, but to his surprise, the old man was nowhere in sight. “Jake? Jake, where are you? Jaakkeeeee!”

Davy hurried across the meadow. He paused for a moment and looked off into the distance to where the old man had pointed out his home location.

“I’m going to look him up,” Davy said to himself, “next weekend, maybe.” Then he ran to his car and got in. He quickly started the engine and headed for home. The drive was quite a long one. Davy went slowly so as to remember this place and how to get back. Therefore, it took him almost twice as long to get home. By the time he had arrived home, it was well past dark.

He parked his car in the garage, then hurried inside. His sister was in the kitchen, but she was talking to someone.

“Must be her boyfriend,” Davy told himself. He cautiously peeked into the kitchen… sure enough it was her boyfriend. Davy

ran up the stairs, into his room, and locked the door.

"David!" his sister called from downstairs. "Come down for a minute. I've something to tell you."

"Oh, hell!" Davy grumbled and unlocked his door. "What ya want, sis?"

"Come down here," Dianne told him. "And hurry up. I've something I must tell you."

"Alright," Davy gave in… he was tired and wanted to bathe, but he went to her anyway.

"Come on in the kitchen, dear," Dianne took his hand and led him into the kitchen. Bill Wright, her boyfriend, was there.

"Hello, David!" Bill reached out to shake hands with Davy.

Davy returned the gesture, "Hello, how are you?"

"Just fine." Bill answered as he put his arm around Dianne.

"Davy," Dianne smiled proudly. "Bill and I are going to be married."

"Married!" Davy almost yelled.

"Yes, dear, isn't that wonderful," Dianne said happily. "This weekend, next."

"Oh," Davy said softly. "Gee, that's wonderful, sis, just wonderful."

"Don't worry darling," Dianne smiled. "We will live here and you are to stay with us… that way you won't have to worry about a guardian or traveling about with Dad. Isn't it wonderful? You'll have a brother, Bill."

"Yeah, great," Davy tried to smile. "May I be excused now? I've, uh, homework to do."

"Oh… okay… but I thought you had a date." Dianne said softly.

"No… I… uh… broke it." Davy lied. "I had too much homework."

"Ok, goodnight, sweetheart," Dianne kissed Davy on his cheek.

Davy ran upstairs. Once in his room, he burst into tears. He didn't want her to get married, especially to that creep. "Oh, why him… I can't stand him! Why?" Davy cried.

"I don't want her to marry him. He's a nosy pest… a bully… I can't stand him!" Davy said aloud. "Damn, if it isn't one thing it's another." Davy lay there and cried himself to sleep.

The following morning he awoke and found he was still dressed as he was the day before. He had not moved all the night. Wearily he rose from the bed and stumbled to the shower. The hot water felt

good to his tired body.

He soaped himself well and then dressed for school. He would be a bit tardy but he didn't care. He combed his hair, checked himself to make sure he looked perfect, grabbed his books, and ran down the stairs. He paused at the mirror… looked at his reflection, then ran outside to his car.

School had already taken up. Slowly he entered the classroom.

"David, try to be on time next time," the teacher spoke to him.

"Yes ma'am," Davy said softly and sat down at his desk. Davy thought, "Boy, oh, boy, what a drag… coming to school every day… same old classroom… same old teacher… nothing new." He opened his book roughly and in doing so, he dropped his pencil. But before he could reach for it…

"You dropped your pencil," a friendly voice spoke and a boy handed Davy the pencil.

Davy looked into the boy's face. "Thank you," he said surprised, no one in school sounded that friendly, especially to him.

The boy smiled, "You're welcome."

Davy wondered at this. That boy was the new boy in school, but he'd never really noticed the boy before. He sure sounded friendly.

Davy made a point to ask the boy if he'd like to join him for lunch. But the odds were against him. The teacher kept him after class to ask about his grades. Grumbling, he left. Davy wondered about that boy all evening. That night he could hardly do his homework for thinking of the boy. He couldn't remember the boy's name.

Even his sleep was restless for all he could dream was of the boy who had been nice to him.

The next morning Davy got to school much earlier. He went to the classroom straight away.

"Hello, David," the teacher greeted him. "I want you to meet Jerry Rodgers, he is new here. I thought you might like to show him around."

Davy looked at the boy immediately and saw he was the nice boy who had picked up his pencil. So Davy was delighted to show the boy around school. He learned that Jerry had lived on a farm and missed it. When lunch time came around, the boys went in Davy's car to a drive-in for hamburger's and cokes, when Davy was startled to hear, "I'd like fer ya to come out to the old farm with me sometime. We kin go fishin' at the crater."

“Crater!” Davy looked around at Jerry quickly.

“Yeah.” Jerry continued. And then described the lake perfectly that Davy had visited the day before.

“I’ve seen it,” Davy said and then told Jerry about his conversation with Jake Summers.

“Jake Summers!” Jerry said in sheer surprise. “But it couldn’t have been. He has been dead for several years… I know!”

A surprised Davy described the old man to a startled Jerry. Then… after a moment…

“That’s old man Summers alright. Reason I know so much about him is that he was my uncle. He owned that oil derrick that sunk, only one poor ole Jake had. Never did strike oil that I know of. It weren’t asettin there long, when it sunk.” Jerry looked at Davy closely.

Davy looked at Jerry for a moment, then out towards the sky. “You think I’m crazy, don’t you.”

“No, Davy.” Jerry put his hand on Davy’s knee. “No, I don’t think you’re crazy. You’re different… you’re able to see things that other folks jest don’t see… you got that extra sumthin’ about ya… I like ya, Davy. Only know’d ya fer a day or so… but I noticed ya the first day I came to school… no… I’d never think you were crazy.”

When Davy didn’t reply, Jerry went on. “Lot’s a folks see ghosts; bad folks are haunted by ‘em and good folks are helped by ‘em. Guess you was helped by yourn.”

Once back at school they started to part for their next class. “Davy!” Jerry caught Davy’s arm. “Davy, you ain’t mad at me now, are ya? I mean talkin’ about ghosts and all?”

Davy smiled slightly. “Of course not, Jerry. I’m not mad. I’m glad you told me. It made me realize what a fool dreamer I really am.” He then ran away from Jerry and for once got to gym class on time.

His conversation with Jerry had made Davy determined to be more like the other boys, and he participated in the games with more vigor than he had ever known himself to do. He hurried to the showers. He looked around at the other boys, who had stripped and were heading for the showers completely nude. Davy waited till most of the other boys had finished their showers, redressed, and left, before he attempted to shower himself. But suddenly a hand grasped his small arm and whirled him about.

“Hello, doll boy!” Butch Hutton bellowed out. “Hey, fellers,

come here… come look at doll boy… he ain't got no clothes on."

Davy started to walk away… he was afraid of this boy… he was the school bully… mean and merciless.

"You ain't goin' nowheres, punk." Both jerked Davy back. "Hey, guys, look at the sissy's thing… shore is nice and big, ain't it?"

The big boy grabbed Davy's flesh and squeezed him.

Davy yelled, "Stop it!"

"Whatsa matter, don't ya like to have somebody play with yer thing?" Butch laughed.

"Shore got a purty white bottom."

"Damn, Butch, I thought you had the biggest one in school, but sissy here has you beat by a couple inches," one of the boys remarked.

Butch slapped Davy's buttocks, "Man, pretty boy's got the softest and prettiest little bottom… prettier than any girl's…"

Davy was near panic… there were five of them. "How can I get away? I've got to get away," he thought. His legs trembled pitifully. He put both his hands over his groin.

"What's the matter, doll boy? Don't you want to show that honker off?"

"Yeah, you ought to be proud of that big honker… I know I would…"

"Does it make the gals squeal?"

"Ah, hell, man, you know sissy doesn't make out with girls… he prefers men. A man is what he likes." Butch laughed. "Let's measure. Bet mine is same as yours."

"I've got to take a shower, Butch." Davy said, trying to be brave.

"Hell, you ain't dirty… besides you didn't answer my question."

"What question?" Davy sputtered.

"Does it make the gals squeal… or are you a man's boy?"

"Hell, Butch, he ain't never had a piece, have you, dearie?"

Davy started for the showers, but again Butch stopped him, "Let's measure!"

"Let's get it hard first," one of the boys giggled and reached between Davy's legs.

"Don't, Pete," Davy pleaded with disgust. "Please… don't."

"Please don't." Peter sarcastically mocked him. "Mama doesn't want the rough boys playin' with baby's thing."

Davy slapped the hand on his flesh and demanded, "Leave me alone!" He wanted to run, but knew they would stop him somehow.

He had to use his head. He wouldn't let them get the best of him. But what could he do?

"Look at his bottom… so pretty and white." Butch slapped Davy's rear again.

"Leave me alone, damn it and I mean it!" Davy screamed.

"Why, Davy baby, you said a nasty word." Butch put his hand on Davy's naked chest. "Shame, shame. Don't you like flattery? The girls think your face is pretty… well… we like your cute butt! Don't we, fellows!"

"Sure we like it… in fact we like it so much, we'd all like a crack at it!"

"Great idea!"

Davy started to run… but before he could take another step, two of the boys grabbed him and threw him to the floor. Peter grabbed a bar of soap. "Come on, doll boy… I'm hotter'n a bitch dog."

"Please!" Davy became terrified now. He knew they meant business. "Don't. Please let me go!" Squirming and kicking he tried again to be free. They had him down… trapped, there was no escape now… he was helpless… please don't let them do this to me… please don't let them… he said over and over to himself.

Just then, Davy heard a voice, but it was coming from afar… it was not one of his enemies.

"What the hell's going on here!" the voice boomed loudly, closer. The boys loosened their death-like grips, their eyes turned to the tall figure approaching them. Then met the boy's glare with sheepish grins; their hearts pounded faster this time with fright. It was Fred, coming to his rescue.

"Hi," Butch grinned.

Fred's entire body wracked with anger.

The tears he saw squeezing through Davy's eyes were held tightly back as though he was ashamed of them. "Put him down!" Fred grabbed Butch's arm fiercely.

Butch did as he was bid, and the others followed. Davy was free. He rose slowly from the floor and stood there limp, he wanted to cry but couldn't. The Greek god standing there would not want him to.

Butch grinned nervously. "Look what we found, Fred. A Venus. Yeah, man, a venus with a penis! That's good, ain't it!"

The boys tried to laugh.

Fred stood there. His muscles looked and were powerful. "Fine

thing! I'm surprised at you guys. Trying to be tough, huh. Why don't you call some more, so you can really get him down? There's only five of you. That's chicken all right. Raping someone happens to be a crime. Damn shame that five men jumps on one. Damn shame."

He turned to Davy, "Are you alright, Davy?" He grabbed Davy's small trembling hand. "Now, I want all of you to get out of here and if I ever catch you doing this again, I'll forget I'm a gentleman!"

"We weren't really goin' to rape him, honest! Hell, we were only playing around!"

"I said scram. Get out of here before I kick the stuffings out of the whole damn bunch of you." Fred yelled angrily.

The boys knew he would, so they quickly departed… not looking back once.

"Come on, Davy." Fred put an arm around Davy's shoulders. "I was about to take a shower. I suppose you were going to as well."

Davy could not say anything. He felt too proud, but, finally, he was able to speak.

"Thank you, Fred. I don't know what I would do without your help."

"Forget it, Davy. We'll both feel better after a good hot shower." Fred led Davy into the shower room. Fred quickly stripped.

Davy's eyes scanned Fred's body. He watched the older boy scratch and stretch, then quickly turn the water on. He was surprised that Fred wasn't embarrassed.

"Damn water's cold." Fred grinned under the heavy spray. "Come here, Davy. This will make you feel good."

Davy caught the extended hand and stumbled after Fred under the water. He flung his arms around Fred's waist. He didn't care if his hair got wet. He pressed his face against the strong hairy chest and cried. He didn't want to, but he could no longer restrain himself.

Fred's arms encircled him, and held him tenderly and pulled him closer. "Don't cry, Davy," Fred's fingers moved across Davy's forehead, smoothed the curled hair mussed there, brushed the back. "Don't waste any tears on them. They are not worth it… don't cry. Please don't." Fred raised the dripping head with both hands. "I like you."

Davy sobbed softly… he wanted to shout… I'm not a sissy, and I can't change… I wish… I wish I were a girl so I could love you… I

love you so much. But he just stood there crying. He looked up into Fred's eyes and hugged him tighter, clung there voiceless.

"You know, Davy, you do remind me of a… Venus." He kissed the upturned lips gently.

Davy felt wonderful. His dreams had come true. Oh, gosh, Fred… he thought as he watched Fred dress… I love you so much.

The next few days, Davy was on cloud nine. He saw quite a lot of Fred and fell more in love every day.

The weekend was already staring Davy in the face. His sister would be getting married and he was going to avoid going… but he would worry about that later… right now he was to call Fred. He quickly hurried inside and to the phone.

The call was a little disappointing. He wanted to spend the weekend with Fred, but he was going to be out of town. So Davy went to find Jake Summers.

CHAPTER 2

Davy headed for the country. He was going to see if he could locate Jake Summers, and see if he was a ghost. It wasn't long when he arrived at Crater Hill. It was beginning to get dark. Davy parked his car under the shady oak tree and then hurried across the meadow to the lake. Once there, he looked off into the distance that Jake had pointed out to him.

Glad that he had his flashlight, Davy started out in the direction Jake had pointed to.

It was much farther than he had figured it to be.

Soon he came to a small brook. Across the creek was a fairly dense forest.

"I'm not going in there," Davy said softly. "I'll come back tomorrow… yeah, tomorrow with Jerry, he'll show me where Jake lives."

Davy then hurried back to his car. "I think I'll drive farther up the road, perhaps I'll see his house from there." Davy steered the car onto the paved road. He'd driven on for about five miles when suddenly a tire blew out. "Oh, hell!" Davy grumbled as he steered the car onto the side of the road. "A damn flat." He got out of the car and opened the trunk. "Oh, no! My spare is flat, too!" Davy sat down on the bumper. A sudden clap of thunder in the distance caused him to leap to his feet. "Oh, no, not a thunderstorm… not now… Guess I'd better walk for a ways and see if there's a house around here somewhere." He got his flashlight, then after he had locked his car securely, he began to walk. The storm began to get closer and closer. "Gosh, I sure hope that I find someone pretty quick. That looks like a bad storm coming up." He ran for a distance and then would walk. "What's that!" He looked in the direction of the sound. He flashed his light. A cow stared blinkingly back at him. "Whew, scared me there for a minute. Hey, that means there may be a house or a farm near by." He was relieved that it was only a cow. He'd sure hate to bump into a wolf or something like that. He was about to give up and turn back when he spotted a house.

He hurried up to the house. He was glad to see lights within the house. A couple of cars set in the driveway. He wasted no time in

knocking on the door.

A gruff looking man opened the door.

"Well, come in, sonny boy."

Davy looked up at the man… sure is fierce looking… he thought, then entered the house. "I had a flat a short way back and my spare was flat also. Do you have a phone I could use?"

"No phone, sonny." The man grinned, "You sure you had a flat, or are you snoopin' around?"

"No, sir, I'm not snooping." Davy looked over at the three other guys who were busy packing something into a box. "I had a flat and need to get road service to where my car is. There's a thunderstorm coming up."

Suddenly, one of the men dropped one of the small boxes, it broke open and the container rolled across the floor and at Davy's feet.

Davy looked down at the bottle. Heroin.

That's dope. He looked back at the man who stood before him.

"You damn fool!" the man grabbed the bottle and hastily put it back into the box. He handed it to the man who had dropped it. Then he turned back to Davy.

"Now you know about us," the man said. "So we'll have to do away with you."

Davy backed away, but suddenly someone grabbed him from behind. "Gotcha, pretty boy!"

"Kill him!"

"No, we can't kill him now. Look at him. That's old man Swanson's kid, ain't it! He'd pay a fortune to get him back. After we get the money, then we'll kill him. We can't turn him loose… he'd squeal."

"Ha, ha, ha. Good deal! Tie him up and put him in the tool shed out back."

One of the men immediately tied Davy's hands and pushed him outside. After he had put Davy in the tool shed, he quickly tied his feet, shut the shed door and latched it.

Davy was fear struck. What could he do? There was no one for miles. He had told no one where he was going. Dianne wouldn't miss him for she would be gone. Fred was gone for the weekend. Jerry? Davy had not told him that he would go to the farm with him. No one would know. He figured that if these guys were peddling dope, then they didn't need ransom money. A kidnapping

would involve police.

They would kill him before they left. But when would that be?

Davy pulled and twisted at the ropes for over two hours. “Help! help!” he screamed.

Who’s going to hear me out there? he asked himself, and slumped down and cried softly.

Suddenly the door of the tool shed creaked open and a strange cold draft drifted in.

Davy looked up quickly. “Jake! Jake, what are you doing here?” A flash of lightning revealed to Davy who his rescuer was.

“I saw you were in trouble, and I came to set you free.” Jake spoke softly as he untied the ropes.

“Gosh, I’m sure glad to see you!” Davy said, tears filling his eyes. “They were going to kill me, Jake.”

Jake peeked out the door, then motioned for Davy. “Run, boy, run as fast as you can. Go through the forest, they’d catch you iffin ya took tha road.”

“Hey, you!” one of the men stepped out the backdoor of the house.

“Run, boy!” Jake shoved Davy. “Go! I’ll be alright. Now run!”

Davy took off quickly. He had no idea where to go.

Davy ran through the woods. The mud was thick and slick in places. He ran until it was nearly dawn.

He was tired now and his legs were heavy. He passed over some rocks and was now on a bridge. Its loose planks tore at his legs savagely. It caught at his shoes and snatched at his jeans so that his head reeled dizzily and he was quite aware that he was really scared… lost, lost in a downpour of cold glass arrows. He collapsed and didn’t try to rise for several minutes until he heard someone shout, “There he is!”

Davy jumped to his feet, A bullet slammed into the ground near him and sent him racing deeper into the woods.

His lungs cried for air, and his legs ached for rest, but he trudged on. Several shots rang out and the bullets whizzed past him.

Davy panicked and dashed off in another direction. He unnoticingly had entered a large graveyard. The sign over the entrance read “Sacred Heavens Cemetery.”

The old crosses and tombstones, to Davy were only obstacles in his path of life. For death was close at his heels.

Then he saw a building. He ran up to it and to the door. Seeing it was deserted he entered quickly. It was darker than the darkest hour, which was just before dawn. He heard men rumbling around outside flashing the bright light. Davy felt his way along the walls of the mausoleum. A light flashed into one of the windows. Davy nearly died of fright. He backed against the wall quickly. But to his shock the wall gave way and he tumbled backwards into another room. The wall then closed quickly.

Davy saw that it was a secret door, when a flash of lightning lit up the room brightly for only a moment. He slumped down in a corner.

Davy sat up stiffly and yawned. He felt as if he had slept all day. Now how do I get out of here? he asked himself. He went almost completely around the dimly lit room until he found some candles. He lit them with his cigarette lighter and continued to search for a way out. Then he noticed a golden coffin sitting silently in the center of the room. A beautiful coffin but wrapped with rusty chains.

Davy held his candle closer to the coffin and read "Barnabas C. Dracula" inscribed in the gold. He pulled and twisted at the chains, but even though old they wouldn't break. He found a metal cross lying on the floor and with this was able to wrench the chains loose.

"Put them back! Put them back!" an icy voice filled the room. Davy went cold with fright. "Don't remove those chains!" the voice called again.

The voice then had a familiar tone to it. Davy dropped the chains and looked around.

"Jake… is that you!"

"Put them back, boy," the voice came clear.

Davy whirled around. To his surprise, Jake stood there… a cold stare shooting from his eyes. "Jake, how'd you get in here?"

"Never mind that, just put them back."

"But Jake, those ugly old chains make that gold coffin look terrible."

"Jest do as I say, boy!"

A rusty creaking sound filled the room.

Davy looked towards the coffin.

"He's awakened!" Jake cried out.

“David, you have set him free… you hear? You set him, the devil, free…” the voice suddenly started fading and left in an icy echo.

“Freeeeeee…” Jake was gone. Davy rubbed his eyes. Then looked back towards the coffin.

He chuckled softly, yet a bit nervously. “Now I know that creak didn’t come from that coffin!”

He giggled, “I’ve always imagined wild things, but now my mind is playing tricks on me.” He ran his hand over the coffin slowly, but as he turned to find his way out of the room the creaking sound filled the room. Davy whirled around in time to see the lid of the coffin raise slowly revealing that a hand was lifting it. Davy was numb with terror. He watched in horror as the hand was followed by an arm, then two arms, then a voice, a soft boy’s voice, accented and with a slight lisp. “Feels so good to stretch again.”

Davy was voiceless, powerless. Slowly the form within the coffin rose. It was a young man who looked like any normal person except for the greenish tint to his skin. Davy stood in shock, watching, as the figure stretched again and then climbed out of the coffin. He stood there looking about himself, then towards Davy. “Hello,” the figure spoke.

“Hel… lo,” Davy stammered.

“Thank you for releasing me,” the figure spoke. “I was getting awfully tired just lying there… not being able to move or anything.”

Davy stood there in shock.

“Are you scared of me?” the figure asked.

“Yes… ‘cause I don’t understand what is happening.” Davy backed into a corner. “Why are you green? Where are your teeth? Why do you have fangs like a wolf?”

“I’m a vampire,” the boy smiled. “My name is Barnabas C. Dracula, and all vampires have fangs and are green or bluish looking. Thanks to you I am free. I’ve been encased in that coffin for over a hundred years.”

In his fear Davy raised the cross he had used to pry open the chains.

“No… no… please don’t!” the young vampire cried in fear.

“I wasn’t going to hit you.”

“Hit me! You must know nothing about vampires.”

“No, only what I have seen in movies.”

“What are movies?”

Davy laughed. “Looks as if we’ve both a lot to learn about each other.”

“Yes, it does.” Barnabas sat down a short distance from where Davy stood. “My fangs are used to suck blood from my victims. I also have supernatural powers. I prowl by night and sleep by day. I can’t bear to see a cross, nor can I be exposed to sunlight. The cross would burn my skin. The sun would turn me to dust.”

“That sounds just like the ones in the movies,” Davy smiled. “If so, then I know all about your way of life, but…,” Davy began to get scared, for the reality of the situation just struck him: here he was locked in a mausoleum with a vampire.

“But what?” Barnabas approached him.

“No… no… don’t kill me, Barnabas!”

Davy backed away.

“Kill you?” Barnabas smiled revealing his wicked fangs. “I’m not going to kill you. What’s your name?”

“David.” Davy slumped back against the wall in fear. “Davy Swanson.”

“I’m not going to kill you!” Barnabas continued as he advanced to the trembling boy.

“You are so innocent, so kind, and you set me free. Even though that stupid ghost begged you not to.”

Then the strange boy explained that he had been cursed by a jealous lover and was doomed to spend eternity chained in the coffin unless someone would help him. He pleaded to David for that help.

Davy could not believe that someone actually needed his help. All his life he had been kicked around, laughed at, and teased, just because he was smaller and weaker than the others. And now he had a friend who needed his help. He started to cry.

“Hey,” Barnabas held Davy by his shoulders and looked into the boy’s lovely face. “Don’t cry. We must get back to your car.”

“My car! How’d you know about my car.” Davy looked up into Barnabas’ strange eyes.

“Davy, I have read and traced your mind, and I know everything about you.”

“Everything?”

“Everything! I even know about Fred, but you don’t need him now.” Barnabas went to a small snake’s head over the wall panels, and pulled a small chain. Instantly the walls opened.

“I’d never have figured that out.” Davy giggled and followed his friend out of the mausoleum. They walked down a small roadway that led out of the graveyard and into the forest.

Sooner than he had ever dreamed, they were near the house.

“That’s where the crooks are,” Davy exclaimed.

“I know.” Barnabas said, “Now follow me. Once we get there, you get in the nearest car. I’ll keep them busy. Once the action starts, get a move on.”

“But what about you?” Davy asked. “They’ll kill you!”

Barnabas laughed. “No, they won’t kill me, just do as I say.” Barnabas approached the steps, then the porch and to the door.

He knocked loudly on the door, immediately the door was jerked open. “Who are you?” the man bellowed out.

“My name is Barnabas, and I am a vampire.”

The man backed away, “Look… he’s… he’s green… his teeth… fangs!”

Davy didn’t hesitate; he jumped into the nearest car drove to his own, switched tires from one to the other and sped for home.

CHAPTER 3

Davy almost went off the road when a bat flew into the open car window.

"Don't be alarmed, it's only me," Barnabas said when he suddenly appeared. "That's only my means of travel."

"I must say it is an odd way to travel," Davy giggled in relief. "Are you going home with me?"

"How far is it?"

"Fifteen miles."

"I'll go."

The boys reached Davy's home, and Davy introduced Barnabas to the joys of coke.

"Vampires are supposed to drink blood, but I'll try anything once."

"Well, coke you don't suck through your fangs. You drink it… swallow it… it goes into your stomach."

"Ha, ha," Barnabas laughed. "My stomach hasn't had anything in it for over a hundred years, in fact, I don't think I even have one."

"Hey, I wonder if that old witchcraft book that I found has anything about vampires in it?" Davy scampered off to see.

With a loud squeal he bounded back into the kitchen. "Barnabas! Look! It does have a listing of vampirism." Davy lay the book on the table before his friend.

"What does it say?"

"Let me see." Davy bent over Barnabas' shoulder and looked over the pages.

Barnabas could have easily sunk his teeth into Davy's throat. He stared at the white, smooth, creamy neck. The black wavy hair hung lazily along the back of the white neck and curling beneath the small delicate ears, which were almost hidden by the mass of silky black curls that covered the boy's head. The sweet scent that drifted from the lovely body, smelled heavenly sweet… a strange exotic scent that made the vampire's head swirl strangely. He was about to kiss Davy on his lovely neck, but was quickly brought back to reality. Davy squealed with the delight of discovery.

“Listen,” he began softly. “How to break the vampire curse!” Davy began to read to Barnabas. “The curse of the vampire, if cursed by his lover, or loved one, can only be broken after a suspended animation of 25 years or more, and, after this awakening, he must live as a normal human for a period of one year… to live the normal life… the cursed one must do without as much blood as possible, and eat solid foods, drink liquids.

“I can’t!” Barnabas slumped back.

“Why?” Davy asked.

“A normal person goes out in the sunlight. But if I did… I’d die…” Barnabas said sadly.

“Not necessarily,” Davy looked back at the book. “Let’s read further on. To live the normal life, the vampire cannot go into the sunlight, therefore, he must do his normal living at night but be careful to avoid the cross, water, garlic, and sunlight. He can use his powers for any purpose other than the intake of blood. He must continue to act as a normal being and engage in human recreations, sexual affairs and all other qualities, despite the fact that he must have strong willpower to control his desire of vampirism, thereof.” Davy stopped reading for a moment. He sat down in the chair next to Barnabas. “That doesn’t seem to be awfully hard to do.”

Barnabas grinned slightly. “Oh, no, then read the last line.”

“The last line?” Davy looked down at the book. “The vampire must love one person of the living human, and this person must return the love, which must last the entire year. Without this last ingredient, the curse cannot be broken.”

“See, it’s hopeless,” Barnabas sighed. “Who’s going to love a green, fanged, 123 year old vampire? Sure I could love someone else, but who on earth would love me… an ugly creature like me… for a whole year?”

“Barnabas.” Davy got from the chair and stood before him. “You’re not ugly… you are very handsome… Barnabas, I love you.”

Barnabas stood up and faced Davy. He raised his hand and lightly touched the boy’s lips with a fingertip. “Davy, you are so very kind. I feel a strange feeling for you. It could be love.”

Then Barnabas started to laugh.

“What’s so funny?” Davy giggled.

“Have you ever heard of a passionate vampire? Ooowweee!”

“No, I certainly haven’t heard of a passionate vampire… a sex crazy vampire!” Davy laughed, “This should be a passionate sort of

death."

"For you or for me." Barnabas laughed. "Can you imagine, the news headlines: 'Boy raped by passion raving vampire!'"

"Or don't go to bed without your cross on!" Davy added.

"Or the nights are dark, when a vampire parks!" Barnabas laughed. "Oh, Davy, my sides ache from so much laughing."

But when the laughing was over, the two had to make serious plans. To have Barnabas in the house at night with Bill and Dianne at home would be impossible. But Davy thought of his kooky aunt in Los Angeles and decided to call her to see if they could move in with her.

Davy picked up the phone, but before he could dial the number, he felt Barnabas' arms slip about his waist and pull him away from the phone.

"What are you trying to do," Davy asked.

But his friend did not answer, instead he muffled Davy's words with a kiss. Davy felt a shock of excitement crash through his small form. Barnabas continued to kiss Davy's soft lips… each time getting more and more bold.

With one hand he gently unbuttoned the lovely youth's shirt, then his lips trailed across Davy's chest, pausing at the boyish nipples, kissing and nibbling. "Barnabas," Davy had never felt so strange, so excited. Fred had never kissed in this way. "Barnabas, I don't understand, I don't know what to do. I've never…" Barnabas' lips closed over Davy's own, his tongue forced into Davy's sweet mouth. Davy's own tongue could feel the vampire's sharp teeth, but this seemed to excite him only that much more.

Davy leaped in excitement, when he felt his lover's hand gently slip into his jeans. Another gasp pursed from his lips when he felt the same hand grasp his hot throbbing flesh. The lips trailed down to his stomach pausing at the navel.

Davy squealed in delight as he felt the hot tongue lick about his navel. Then the hand was tugging at his pants. Davy lifted his hips enough so that his jeans could easily be slipped down to his ankles. There, he quickly kicked free of them and was now naked, except for the opened shirt. Davy felt a white hot flash run up his spine, the traveling lips had reached their destination. Never had he felt such pleasure.

The tongue was now licking feverishly, wetting the blue-black hairs with lust as he lowered to the base and took it between his

teeth, a slight nip caused the boy to squeal from both pain and pleasure. On and on they went. Both boys were going mad with pleasure. Soon the smaller boy was being sucked completely and swiftly.

Davy's hips twisted and writhed uncontrollably.

Then the boy felt a strange wild excitement.

He felt as if his head were going to blow apart.

Then the hot juice shot forward. He arched his hips high pushing deeper into the other's throat.

When it was over, both were silent for many minutes.

CHAPTER 4

One phone call to his aunt and one to his father had Davy jumping for joy. Permission was granted, and it took the two boys most of the rest of the night to pack Davy's things.

"Boy, I'm pooped!" Davy lay on the bed. Barnabas was filling a suitcase with clothes.

"Davy," he called, but there was no answer. Barnabas looked around. "Poor kid. All pooped out." He bent and kissed Davy's lips gently, then said with a sigh, "Oh, well, let him rest. I must return to my coffin. It's getting near dawn. I should make it just in time." With that statement, Barnabas quickly disappeared.

It was near noon before Davy awakened. He would have sworn that it had all been a dream, if he had noticed that all of his things were neatly packed and ready to be loaded. He knew that Barnabas had had to leave because dawn was near.

Davy thought about going to see Jerry, but decided against it. He would just simply disappear from this town, and not let anyone know where he was going. He'd write his sister a long letter to explain his absence, and hope she would understand… perhaps she would also check him out of that stinkin' school.

Davy stood in front of the mirror combing his hair, when he suddenly felt strong arms around him. "Oh, you startled me," he said turning to face Barnabas. "Why didn't I see your reflection in the mirror?"

"Remember, we vampire's have no reflections. But we do have reflexes," he said with a leer and with that picked Davy up and deposited him on the sofa. "I am hungry for you."

Davy giggled. Barnabas proceeded to strip the lovely youth of his clothes. Once done, he raised and stared at the beauty before him. Slowly he began to strip off his own clothes. Davy watched with deep interest and admiration. "Oh, Barnabas, you're so handsome that that color of your skin… it, it… looks so… so exotic… so wild… I love all of you." Davy spoke emotionally.

Barnabas sat on the carpet. "Come down here, baby."

Davy wasted no time, he immediately went to his lover. Barnabas pulled the youth on top of his hot handsome form, and

kissed him feverishly. Davy loved the feel of their skin touching. “I love you… I love you… I love you.” He mumbled through the kissing. Before he could utter another word, Barnabas pushed the boy off his form and onto the soft carpet.

Davy lay on his back, and stared up at his lover.

The carpet crushed beneath his back made tickling sensations shoot through his system. Then Barnabas’ lips began their tracing over his lovely body, adding to the wild pounding inside his lovely head. Davy squealed with delight when he felt his handsome lover grasp his throbbing flesh and kiss the head of it tenderly. Davy gasped when he felt a tracing finger go to his rear and slowly begin tracing a pattern around the forbidden passage. He giggled in delight.

The feel of it was sensational.

Barnabas lifted the youth’s butt and rested it on his own legs. Barnabas stared down at the lovely body before him. He spit in his hand and spread the saliva around the youth’s dark forbidden passage. Davy did not know what his lover had in mind, but if it felt as good as the first time they had loved, then this must be better. Gently, Barnabas began tracing around the darken area with a finger. He bent back over the boy and kissed the flat stomach and sucked at the pink nibs. Davy again squealed in delight. The finger continued to trace around the target, then gently it entered. Davy gasped. He couldn’t understand. It felt so strange… yet so good. Their necking was getting hotter. The finger plunged in and moved up and down. Davy felt the pleasure of it creep over him. He was enjoying this strange way of loving. “Do you like that, darling?” Barnabas asked, his voice choked with lustful emotion. A strong feverish kiss was his answer. Then slowly Barnabas removed his finger.

A moan of disappointment pushed from the boy’s lips. Then the handsome vampire raised slightly, again spit into his hand, then spread the saliva over his own. He placed himself in position and pushed slightly. He entered. Davy cried in agony, “Barnabas, don’t… no… no… it hurts!”

Again he pushed the impalement slipped deeper.

Davy cried again, “No! Stop!” A final plunge and the victim was impaled on what seemed to him like hot, rigid steel. Davy cried in agony.

Mercilessly, Barnabas pushed and pulled, pushed and pulled, in

and out. Davy felt the pain turn to white hot, but almost as sudden as it had started, it was replaced by a feeling of unknown pleasure. Davy was surprised and delighted.

Pain mixed with pleasure… the latter winning the wild mingling. His small body twisted and turned in rhythm. Sweat poured from them as they worked vigorously for their climax. Barnabas' lips crushed against the boy's lips and forced his tongue into the sweet mouth. The movement of their bodies caused an intense pressure on Davy's own hot flesh where it was trapped between their stomachs… adding more coals to the already white hot fire.

On and on Barnabas went invading the tight dark target. Davy felt as if he were going to catch on fire. Faster and faster they went.

Davy wrapped his legs around his lover's pelvis, urging him on. Suddenly he gasped as the hot, white eruption was unleashed, cooling on their chest. Then the boy felt another hot eruption come forth, but to his surprise and joy he felt it inside of him. He squealed in ending joy, and both fell exhausted. Barnabas lifted himself off the boy and lay beside him on the carpet.

It was several minutes before either spoke. Barnabas was the first to speak. "Darling, did I hurt you very much?"

Davy thought for a moment, then answered happily, "Oh, golly, I've never felt anything so wonderful… yes, it hurt at first, but not after you got started. I mean… well, I just forgot all about the pain. Oh, Barnabas, I do love you!" Davy raised and embraced his lover. "I love you so much!"

The driving during the day was a lonely experience for Davy without Barnabas beside him. But the nights were lovely. One night just before arriving in California, Davy stopped to let Barnabas out of the trailer. He quickly opened the doors, then the lid to the coffin.

"Wake up, sleepy head!"

Barnabas grinned and then raised up slowly and stretched. "Hello, little one, come get in with me so I can love you."

"No," Davy giggled. "Not here. We could be seen."

"Who cares? I would scare them so bad they'd forget they ever saw us." Barnabas followed Davy to the car. "Want me to drive?"

"You don't have a driver's license," Davy answered. "The highway patrol would not even take being a vampire as an excuse

for not having a license."

"Humph," Barnabas snarled. "Boy, you won't let me drive, and you won't let me love you. So, have you anything for me to eat."

"Not that either." Davy laughed.

"Alright, wiseguy, I meant food," Barnabas laughed also.

"We'll stop somewhere to get something soon, okay?" Davy smiled. "It won't be long till we arrive in California. About daylight, we should arrive… how does that sound?"

"The food sounds better," Barnabas grinned.

The rest of the night the boys drove in laughter. By morning, they had had an encounter with a band of motorcycle renegades, who were taking their drunk out on a small dog.

They had been at the small drive-in grocery, where Davy had stopped to get something for sandwiches. Upon seeing the evil men mercilessly kicking a small pup around, Davy had claimed the dog and took it. Barnabas had to rescue Davy and the dog from the mad men.

Davy fled, leaving Barnabas to take care of the outlaws. But, of course, Barnabas had easily caught up with Davy. Now they had a new passenger, the dog, whom Davy named, Yankee.

Again the threat of the approaching dawn sent Barnabas back to his hideaway, while Davy continued the last few miles. This time he was not alone, he had the friendly pup to talk to.

CHAPTER 5

Aunt Nora looked around quickly, then rubbed her eyes and looked again. As she went to the door, she squealed, “David,” in delight. “My little baby!” She pulled Davy into her arms and kissed him all about his face. “Sweet, Davy… what a surprise to see you… so soon. I didn’t expect you till tomorrow or late tonight.”

“I’m full of surprises, aren’t I?” Davy beamed like a light bulb.

“Come into your new home, darling.”

Nora quickly ushered Davy inside. “I’ll bet you are tired… and starved to death.”

“Yes, I’m very tired, but not too hungry,” Davy answered.

“How was your trip?” Nora proceeded to fix Davy something to eat.

“I had a groovy trip.” Davy giggled remembering some of the incidents. “I only dread unpacking. That’s gonna be a job. You’ll never believe all the junk that I have.”

“Well, then, as soon as you’ve finished eating, we shall start your dreaded task.” Nora placed a warm breakfast on the table before him. “By the way, where is your friend? Surely it’s not the pup.” Nora then fed the hungry puppy.

“Well, that’s what I wanted to tell you about. You, of all the people, are the only one that would understand all about him. He is quite handsome, and… well… he is,” Davy gulped, “a hundred and twenty-three years old.”

“What!” Nora almost yelled.

“Well,” Davy looked down. “I don’t really know how to explain this, but my friend Barnabas was once a count, until an evil spell was cast upon him. He became a vampire.”

Aunt Nora dropped the cup she had been drying, “A vampire!”

“Yes,” Davy began to feel he shouldn’t have brought his lover here. “He must stay in his coffin during the day. He lives by night. Well, I am trying to break the curse.” Davy proceeded to explain the story to Nora, who listened intently. “And I am his lover.”

Davy ended his story and waited for her reaction. Nora was quiet for a moment, as if she were thinking. She looked out the window, then back at Davy. Seriously, with only a slight smile, she

said. “Well, do you suppose we’d disturb Barnabas if we unpacked your junk?”

The meeting of the two started off better than Davy had ever expected it to. Nora was constantly teasing Barnabas and asking his secrets on how did he stay so young and wrinkle free if he was over a hundred years old. Barnabas would playfully joke back at her and tell her to become a vampire.

The three lived together very well.

Davy started school but liked it no better than ever. Again Nora came to the rescue and got him enrolled in a home study program, so he could study at home and have more time to be with Barnabas.

One morning, after Davy had been in California for about a month, he decided to go for a walk until Barnabas woke up. His pup followed happily at his heels. He left the driveway and started walking, quietly whistling to himself. He was going to see some of the country just in walking distance.

He’d been walking for about twenty minutes and had walked quite far, when suddenly a car stopped beside him, the horn blew loudly.

“Oh, you scared me, mister.” Davy smiled upon seeing the young man in the convertible.

“Hello, kiddo,” the boy said friendly, “you must be new around here.”

“Yes, sorta… I live with my aunt, back there a short distance.”

“Where you headed?”

“I’m just taking me and my dog for a walk,” Davy gestured toward the large pup.

“Like to go to my place for a sandwich and a coke,” the boy asked.

“No, thank you,” Davy shied away. His aunt had told him to be careful who he talked to.

“Why not? I’m not going to hurt you or anything. I just wanted to welcome you here. I know your Aunt Nora quite well. She was my nurse once when I was in the hospital. I live up at Sunset Valley Estate… only a short distance from here. Now, how about that coke?”

“Okay,” Davy got in the car with the pup.

“My name is Kenny. And you’re Davy Swanson.”

“How did you know?”

“Your aunt used to tell me all about her nephew. She even had a picture of you.”

“Swell to meet you. I never knew my aunt cared so much.” As they drove, Davy had an opportunity to study Kenny. He wasn’t very good looking. His hair was rather thin and he combed it all back flat on his round head. He wore thick black-rimmed glasses and had traces of where a thin beard had neatly been shaved off. Kenny would weigh about 200 pounds and was just a little taller than Davy… and about a 100 pounds heavier. Most of Kenny’s weight was around his middle. Davy giggled softly, as he pictured Kenny to be a big barrel with arms and legs and a fat little head stuck on top.

“Don’t look at me so hard.” Kenny laughed, interrupting Davy’s thoughts. “I know you are sizing me up and believe me, you have a lot to size.”

“Oh, I wasn’t,” Davy blushed.

“Yes, you were.” Kenny laughed. “I was certainly sizing you up. And I like all I see.” Kenny drove the flashy convertible past the huge gates and on up the driveway. He stopped in front of the large, expensive house.

Inside, Kenny asked the maid for cokes and sandwiches. “Well, well, you are a lovely little fellow… so pretty.” Kenny sat down beside Davy. “I think you are really cute. A real doll.” He patted Davy on the thigh.

“Oh, stop, you’re making me blush.”

Davy shyly said and ducked his pretty head. He did not move when Ken touched his thigh, he actually didn’t pay it any mind.

Kenny noticed this, and being used to what guys did and what guys didn’t, he quickly thought twice. But yet there was something about this boy that seemed to warn him only weakly. He moved his hand higher up Davy’s thigh. Still there was no response. Perhaps he’d better take a chance at asking. “Davy, may I ask you something? Something very personal. You don’t have to answer, just please don’t be angry at me. I know that we just met, but I feel as if I’ve known you all my life. I like you, and I want to get something straight, for I want to be your friend forever.”

Davy looked down at the carpeted floor for only a moment then back at Ken. “You may ask me anything you wish, I won’t get angry. Why should I? I’ll do my best to answer.”

“Davy.” Ken walked away from the lovely boy. “Have you ever

heard of a homosexual?"

"Yes," Davy answered softly.

"Davy, I've seen many boys like you, but none so beautiful and dainty. There are plenty here in California, Davy. I am a queer, as the public would call us… homosexuals."

Kenny searched Davy's face for some kind of reaction, but there was none. He was wondering if the boy had even heard him, but there was none. "I could love you forever. Your beauty is beyond belief, Davy. Have you ever had any sexual acts, male or female?"

Ken noticed there was a reaction to this. The boy's eyes narrowed and his eyebrows wrinkled tightly, as if his mind was searching for an answer.

Davy was searching for an answer. He didn't know what to say or how to answer. He had been with both sexes. The first he had found disgusting and terrible, the latter, fun.

With Barnabas it had been pure, free, exciting, clean, wonderful and strange. How could he explain that? But he tried. He slowly told Ken the story of his life up to and including his new strange lover.

Ken listened intently and after the boy had finished, he pulled him into his arms and held him tightly. "My poor little friend. You are so beautiful, so kind. Why do people hurt you so. Don't be sad anymore. I accept your vampire friend, and I would love to meet him. Do you think he would like to meet me?"

"Yes. He will," Davy said happily.

But, actually, Davy found it harder to make Barnabas understand Ken would be trustworthy, than he had thought. In fact they had an argument over it, until Davy had finally burst into tears, and Barnabas loved the boy too much to see him hurt.

Ken was surprised to see them and found he was deeply interested in Barnabas' rugged handsome good looks and outspoken manner.

They got on quite well, and visited quite often after that first meeting. He had even introduced Davy and Barnabas to his small group of trustworthy friends, known as the Gay Group, which consisted of five boys and two girls. The girls were not gay, but were just fun. Barnabas was quite popular among all the group and accepted with unquestioned interest. Everyone usually met at Ken's estate.

But happiness was to be a sometimes thing for Davy. Several months after he had come to live with her, Nora took ill, and suddenly died. Even though she left Davy her entire estate and, while not handsome, would provide him an income for the rest of his life, Davy was still disconsolate. And this made Barnabas unhappy, too. In an effort to cheer them up, Ken gave Barnabas an old castle he had discovered by the sea and bought more for a joke than an investment.

One night Davy entered Barnabas' dark room and slowly raised the coffin lid, but to his surprise Barnabas was not there. He looked up questioningly, but suddenly screamed when he felt someone grab him and pushed him into the opened coffin. A wicked laugh told Davy that his attacker was Barnabas.

"What are you trying to prove? Where are your clothes?" Davy giggled.

"I am only hot for you!" Barnabas quickly stripped Davy of his clothes, then crawled into the large coffin and sat straddle of the youth. His hand began caressing. "I love you!" His lips covered Davy's own lips in a hot hungry kiss. "Darling, I love you." Davy did not have a chance to speak, Barnabas was kissing him too wildly. And he responded. The experienced fingers worked wildly over the youth's naked form. Davy squealed in delight whenever the fingers touched a sensitive area. Then he was lying on his stomach and he felt Barnabas' hardness pulsing against his rear. He raised his hips slightly to give his lover a better and easier entrance. Barnabas trailed kisses along the boy's white back, trailing on down to the firm round white hips, then the tongue wet each hip in a red hot pattern, slowly working to the pink target. Then the tongue wet the delicate boy.

Davy was moaning in wild desire. His hips raised higher begging for the aggressor to relieve the burning desire tearing at his insides, but Barnabas had different ideas. He continued the moist loving of the youth's sweet rear. Slowly he lifted the boy's hips and made him rest on his knees. This gave him a better view of the lovely rear. He continued to lick the soft hips and then back to the target, tickling with his tongue he left a wet trail. He spread the legs further apart, then with his hands he held the cheeks apart. Davy squealed in delight as he felt the wet tongue tease his most forbidden parts, then it was trying its best to take him. Davy felt hotter and wilder than he had ever felt before.

Then he felt what he had been wanting. The impalement pushed at the dark target angrily, then at last entered. Davy cried in agony. It always hurt at first, but he knew not why. Then the movements… back and forth, in and out, slow then fast. Barnabas arms circled about the boy's small waist and his hands grasped the boy's hot throbbing flesh and worked his skin back and forth in a jerking motion. Davy felt that he was going to burst into flames.

His body jerked and trembled, rocked and writhed in rhythm with that of Barnabas, who was just as hot. Then Davy felt the burning warmth fill his insides… making them one, a part of each other. Then he felt his own eruption and cried out in sheer joy as the fulfillment was received on Barnabas' hand.

Then they both collapsed, Barnabas still deep within Davy. He lay on top of the boy for many minutes. To Davy, the limp power felt strangely good inside of him. He wiggled his hips slightly, and felt the power begin to swell again. This delighted him and he wiggled his hips again, as he squeezed his hips tightly together. This brought a grunt from Barnabas. He squeezed again and again as he twisted his hips vigorously… stirring the limp flesh once again to its powerful form. Barnabas was more than delighted at Davy's reaction and wanting to react to their so very recent position. He responded with twice as much vigor.

CHAPTER 6

Barnabas wanted to live in the castle, but Davy resisted. Finally, to keep peace, he allowed Barnabas to move into the castle while he continued to live in his aunt's house. But he visited Barnabas regularly, and tonight the gang was giving Barnabas a castle warming party.

Davy arrived at the castle and parked his car behind Ken's flashy sportscar.

"Hi, Davy!" One of the girls ran to Davy. "Come on, everyone is having a ball. Barnabas hasn't come out yet."

"Okay," Davy smiled. He would be happy to see Barnabas; his friend had been hidden for the past week or more, studying. Davy didn't know what he was so tied up in, but he'd be glad when it was over. He was worried about Barnabas' appetite.

"Ginger has been staying here for all week," Jean smiled. "She keeps Barnabas fed."

Davy jerked to attention. A surge of jealousy roared through him. But he said nothing. If Barnabas prefers that female, then he could have her. Davy felt rotten. He had no right to stop Barnabas from liking a girl. It was his privilege. Maybe he, himself, ought to try a girl. Yes, that is what he needed. Hadn't Barnabas mentioned that he needed a girl? Yes, when they had first met. He backed Jean into a corner. "I rather like you," he lied, trying to convince himself, more than the girl. With that he kissed her. But suddenly to his eyes she disappeared, he envisioned Barnabas in her place, talking to him, kissing him. Then he jerked away. He had realized that he wasn't with Barnabas. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so bold."

"Oh, that is quite all right." Jean smiled. "I must go help the girls get things ready. I'll finish with you later."

Davy watched her go. "I'm still so much in love with Barnabas, but he doesn't love me anymore."

"Penny for your thoughts." Ken approached Davy.

"Hi," Davy greeted Ken lifelessly. "Sorry, but my thoughts weren't good."

"What's wrong?" Ken asked.

“Kenny, why do I see Barnabas everytime I kiss someone else? Why do I always think of him?”

“That’s simple to answer… you love him.” Ken answered Davy.

“Yes, I do. But he doesn’t love me anymore. He likes that girl, Ginger.” Davy was near tears. “It is only natural for him to love a girl… but I just don’t think I can bear to lose him. Maybe I ought to go back to Texas to my sister’s home and forget him.”

“No, please don’t go away.” Ken grabbed Davy’s trembling hands. “We’d all miss you too much. Barnabas still loves you. He is just studying.”

“I’ll try to think it over, before I come to a decision.” Davy looked into his friend’s eyes. “I don’t feel too well, maybe that’s it.”

“Why don’t you go to my house, when you get ready to leave here. It will be better if you don’t go home and stay alone tonight. You’ve been spending too much time alone. It is not good. Here, take my keys.” Ken handed Davy the house keys. “I’ll see you later.”

And see him later he did, indeed. In the big bed in the master bedroom.

A few days later, Davy had taken Yankee to a heavily wooded area for some outdoor recreation when they came across what looked like a piece of a shirt snagged on a bramble.

“Here, boy. Sniff this. Let’s see how good a tracker you are.”

It took Yankee a little while to get the idea, but he then enjoyed the game and dashed off down the trail in the direction of the dense forest. Davy bounded after the dog. On and on they ran. In the distance Davy could hear the excited yapping of the dog, and when the boy had caught up with Yank they found themselves looking at the crumpled form of a boy at the bottom of a deep pit. Davy formed a primitive ladder out of a tree limb and with much of a struggle got the wounded boy up onto the flat ground.

When he had recovered from the shock of the fall, the boy told Davy his story. He had been thrown out of his home when his father caught him having sex with a neighbor boy.

Tony, the boy’s name, had been travelling alone for over six months, making money by hustling.

Davy took the boy to a doctor and gave him a job as “houseboy” in his home.

Tony entered Davy’s bedroom quietly, he had some clean clothes to put in Davy’s closet.

“Good morning.” Davy raised up and stretched. “You’re up early.”

“Early?” Tony smiled. “It is twelve noon.”

Davy climbed from the bed. He was completely nude.

Tony looked at Davy, he bit down on his lower lip and sucked in his breath as his big sad eyes took in all of Davy’s nakedness… starting at the smooth white feet, then climbed slowly up the almost hairless legs, over the small, even knees and muscular thighs, when pausing at the dark patch of pure blackness surrounding the smooth white maleness of Davy’s young hard body. His eyes trailed farther over Davy’s flat stomach and up his round muscular chest, which was completely hairless. Then his broad, smooth white neck. Next his face, beautiful creamy skin topped with long, thick, curly blue-black hair. Then their eyes locked.

Tony quickly turned his face away.

“I… uh… Davy, I’m sorry.” He looked back at Davy closely. “Davy, I didn’t want to wake you this morning, but you got a telegram.”

Tony handed Davy the envelope.

“A telegram!” Davy questioned. “From Texas?” Davy opened the envelope and withdrew the message. He read silently to himself.

Then, as if in a trance, he let the telegram slip from his fingers. Tears filled his eyes, yet he only stared into space, not seeing nor hearing anything. Tony immediately picked up the message and read it. Davy’s father had died of a heart attack and Davy was to be at the funeral, if possible. His father had also left a will and Davy was to be summoned when the will was to be read. “Oh, Davy!” Tony hugged Davy.

“I’m so sorry for you.” Davy had sat down on the bed. Tony hugged his friend tightly, and then the boy cried.

CHAPTER 7

The low hum of the plane made Davy so very sleepy. He wished that the trip was over, so he could feel free again. He didn't want to see Texas at all. His hometown held too many memories and too much heartache. Soon, however, Davy fell fast asleep and slept the entire trip.

He was awakened when he felt a jolt of the plane. Davy looked out the small window.

The airport was large and seemed deserted.

At last Davy was off the plane. He was glad he didn't bring any clothes or anything.

There was no worry or waiting. He hurried to get a cab, from there to the bus station, where he caught a bus to his hometown.

"Same old house," Davy said to himself as he hurried up the sidewalk. "Looks good. Not as neat as it used to be, though." Davy rang the doorbell.

Almost immediately the door opened.

Davy received a cold welcome, so he immediately went to his old bedroom. He had learned that the funeral would be the following morning.

He had also told his sister that he would not be there, because he had no desire to see his father dead. He had gotten an evil greeting from Bill. After a while he decided to walk around the old home for a while. It was getting dark and Davy planned to leave soon as the funeral was over the next day. He strolled casually around the pool.

"Well, Lord Swanson, I guess you've cooled off a bit and might become a bit more sociable," Bill said as he approached him.

"The name is David Swanson." David said bitterly.

"I'm surprised you came," Bill continued. "I really didn't expect you, since you are the kind that runs off without telling anyone where you're going off and why." I mean like when you took off not telling your sister where you were going," Bill teased.

"I left her a letter explaining everything." Davy spoke sharply. "I don't owe you any explanations and I don't intend to give any either."

“Oh, boy, Lord Swanson! Just like your old man. High and mighty, sex crazy and money hungry!” Bill said harshly, wanting to hurt Davy.

“Listen, buster!” Davy said in anger. “I don’t give a crap what you call me, but you just shut up talking about my dad. He supported your lazy ass for almost a year, longer than that. Now, don’t you knock him.” Davy started to walk away, but Bill grabbed him by his arm.

“California has given you a big mouth, hasn’t it!” Bill said gruffly. “Well, you’re not slinging any of it around here and think you’ll get by with it. I’ll whip your pretty little ass till it’s raw. Is that clear!”

“Keep your grimy paws off me and to yourself, damn you!” Davy jerked away.

“You’re a snob, a conceited snob, just like your old man.” Bill yelled.

Davy was mad and leaped on Bill. The older man fell hard when Davy’s weight had hit him. The struggle began. Davy was atop Bill and intended to stay. Bill was older and larger, but knew nothing of fighting. Davy was smaller and knew enough. He pounded the older man in the face with his small but hard fist. The commotion caused the rest to rush outside. Two of Davy’s uncles quickly pulled the two apart.

“Let me go!” Davy struggled to free himself. It was useless, for this guy was bigger than what Davy’s father had been. “That… that rotten dirty creep called my dad a snob and everything.”

“I can’t understand what came over him, dear.” Bill told Dianne. “He just went berserk. All I did was ask him how was his trip. He told me to shut up, he didn’t like me. I tried to be nice, but he just jumped on me, for no reason.”

“You liar!” Davy yelled. “You rotten, stinking, damn liar!”

“Shut up,” Davy’s uncle told him.

“Let me loose!” Davy yelled angrily. “Do you hear? Turn me loose!”

“Alright,” his uncle grinned. “I’ll turn you loose, but first I’ll have to cool you off.”

Then his uncle threw Davy into the pool…

Everyone laughed at Davy.

“David! Open this door!” his sister commanded. David angrily

opened the door to his room where he had been sulking in his humiliation.

"It's open, damn it! I hope you're satisfied!" he yelled.

Dianne slapped Davy hard across the face. Davy just stood there, his heart filled with hurt and anger. "Don't you ever raise your voice to me, David!" Dianne said angrily. "Now, I'd like to know what you are trying to prove?"

"You don't want to know my side of the story," Davy said bitterly. "No… I know. Bill lied out there. He… forget it." Davy started out of the room.

Dianne promptly grabbed Davy by his shoulders and shook him hard. Then in a mild, but angered voice, she said, "David, you've hated Bill since the day you met him. That is wrong. Bill loves you, yet you reject him."

"And I'll continue to reject that overgrown faggot." Davy said hotly, throwing the words at her. "That nosy ton of bricks… you married him, you love him… I want no part of the creep," Davy yelled in anger.

Again his sister slapped him. "You are insane. You don't know what you're saying, David!"

Davy felt of his burning face with his trembling hand. Then, he ran from the house and down the sidewalk. On and on he ran, faster and faster. Not knowing where he was going, nor did he care, he only ran. He had to get away. But someone was following, in a car.

Quickly Davy hid in the shrubbery. The car passed slowly. Davy was glad that darkness had settled. He could hide a lot easier. After a few moments, he struck out again. This time walking, but as he started to cross the street, a car stopped in front of him. It was Bill and his evil minded uncle. "Going anywhere in particular, kid?" Bill snickered.

Davy noticed two other guys in the car also that he did not know. He started to walk away, but he heard the car door open. In a panic he started to run. He saw the opening of an alley and ran into it, but the footsteps were following him. The two men caught him.

Davy screamed, but his mouth was covered and he was dragged struggling to the car. Davy saw that he was with Bill and his uncle, the two men holding him captive in the back seat.

"Well, well, well," Bill laughed.

"Now where were you running off to?" He slapped Davy's face

brutally. Davy's nose began to bleed. "I am going to give you a whipping you'll never forget." Bill loosened his belt. "Strip him!"

Davy struggled, but it was useless, he was immediately stripped. They still held him.

"Bend him over."

Davy was fear struck, but there was nothing he could do.

"Man, look at that pretty white little bottom. I'm goin' to make it red. Ha, ha. Then we're goin' to all screw the hell out of you, pretty boy, here. Fred, you can be the first. After whip him."

Davy knew… Fred… yes, it was Fred. But he looked so different… older… yes… Fred was a drunkard, just like Bill.

Davy's thoughts were interrupted by a swish of a belt, which came thudding down across his tender white butt. Davy cried out but he tried not to cry. He would not give them the pleasure of making him cry.

Again the belt slashed across his naked rear… again and again. He took as much as he could, even more. But then he had to fight back. But his struggles seemed to make the evil man hit all the more harder, faster. Davy felt he'd pass out any second.

Just then the whipping stopped. His uncle held him in the same position, but lowering him to the ground, forcing him to kneel. Then his head was forced down. His rear was facing the menace. He heard the lustful laughter from the men. Then he felt one at his rear. Then the attacker slammed against his soft rear. The hard scepter entered brutally. He tried not to cry. He could not help but whimper. Thank goodness, Fred wasn't big. The men took turns abusing his body. Bill was the worst one of all.

He was the largest. Too large in fact. He slammed hard against Davy, pulling the boy's body tight against his own fat body. Pushing till Davy cried in agony. Davy felt a warm trickle run down his thighs and knew it was blood.

Why couldn't he just pass out, then he wouldn't feel so much pain. But no, he wasn't that fortunate. No, he had to endure all pain, all heartaches, all miseries. Again and again the men raped him. Each one trying to outdo the other. But at long last, they tired of him.

But they were not through with him… no, sir.

He was dragged back into the car, after they had roughly redressed him. Then another long drive.

The highway was dark and deserted. They moved at a fantastic

speed. Then they slowed somewhat, and before Davy could figure out what they were planning to do, he was literally thrown from the fast moving car. He hit the ditch hard. His limp body turned over and over. But luck was with him this time. The car had swerved sharply and when he was thrown clear, the car was close enough to the side of the road that Davy landed in the deep ditch which was filled with water.

The cold water revived him for only a moment. He somehow managed to crawl from the water. He tried to get up, but his body would not respond. The darkness crept over him, dominating his mind. Then he slept.

CHAPTER 8

Tucson Napoleon was a loner, but most civilians would consider him as a motorcycle bum. Astride a powerful Harley-Davidson Chopper, he traveled the country far and wide, searching… searching for something, but he knew not what it was.

On this particular day Tucson was feeling tired and low. He had turned off the highway down a small forest road and proceeded down to the sandy beach of the river. It was there he saw a lifeless form by the water's edge.

Slowly he approached the still form. Then he looked down at the boy lying there… all bruised and bloody… and wondered what had happened to him. Tucson slipped one arm under the boy's neck, the other under the bend of the boy's legs and carried to a nearby clump of trees. Here, he fashioned a rough leanto to protect the boy. Darkness soon settled in. For some odd reason Tucson felt that he must save this boy.

Davy felt sick, but strangely comfortable when at last he had awakened. He reached up to touch his head and realized that it had been bandaged. It was then that he noticed Tucson.

"Baby, you look lousy," Tucson said in a soft, comforting voice. "Wanna tell me what happened?" Davy didn't. The story would seem too preposterous to a stranger.

"I'd rather just forget the whole mess," Davy said softly. "I mean… it's just too… well, thanks for helping me. I'd pay you, but I've lost my billfold."

"Forget it. You can ride with me, kid. I'm headin' for New Mexico. Where were you headed?"

"I live in California."

"Well, you can go as far as Albuquerque with me. From there, you're on your own. By the way, my name's Tucson Napoleon."

"Sure, Tucson." Davy said happily. "My name is Davy. I really appreciate it."

As the days passed, Davy felt a growing interest towards Tucson. Perhaps it was love, perhaps not. But, just the same, it kept growing. He loved the feel of Tucson close to him when they were

astride the big cycle. He had even forgotten home. His interest was much too deep on Tucson to think of anything more.

But all good things must come to an end and Davy's always ended so soon.

"We'll be in Albuquerque by tomorrow," Tucson strolled back to his cycle. "May that's a relief to me."

"Not to me. I mean, I'm going to miss you, Tucson. Tucson, why don't you go to California with me? I mean, well just go with me."

"Nope, can't do it." Tucson said. "Got better things to do. I might be in California some day. I'll look ya up."

Davy's eyes scanned Tucson's virile form… so strong and masculine. Davy felt he'd die without this friend.

"Tucson, I love you," he blurted out.

"What! What do you mean?"

"Just that."

"Man," Tucson kicked at the ground, "don't tell me you are a queer."

"Call it anything you like. I love you."

Tucson got up slowly and walked over to the blanket and stretched out. "Come here, kid."

Davy did.

"Love you say? Okay, make love to me!"

Davy was shocked. He'd never taken the lead before and really he didn't know how. "You must be joking," he said and tried to laugh it off.

"I'm not joking. I can tell the way you look at me… the way you look at this!" Tucson had unzipped his fly and revealed his already hard flesh.

Davy could not remove his eyes from the object there. But he could not move. "No, I can't." He stared at the hard power.

Tucson didn't wait any longer. He pushed Davy's head down roughly. "Take it. Ain't that what the queers like?"

Davy pulled back, shaking his head nervously. "But, but I've never done that before."

"Don't hand me that! You're going to do it now. You're going to prove how much you love me!"

Davy felt sick. Tucson just lay there waiting, stripped from the waist down. Davy timidly placed himself in position. He didn't want to do it, yet he was afraid of what this powerful man might do to him. He reached out with trembling fingers and touched. Tucson

jumped in response, and Davy pulled back.

Then, reaching again, he held harder. He bent his body forward, then stopped and looked up at Tucson with pleading eyes. He whimpered softly. But Tucson yelled at him to do it. And he threatened him if he didn't go through with the act. Davy clenched his small fist tightly and bent again, this time staying there, although he made no motion. He felt like he wanted to gag as Tucson began to lift his thighs. Davy decided not to think about it, and so bent a little further and locked himself in place. He'd let Tucson do all the work.

Tucson was wild with desire, Davy could sense the growing heat in the man's body.

The man thrashed wildly and moaned. Then Davy sensed what was about to happen and he started to back off, but he found that he could not move. Tucson had clamped hard on the back of the boy's neck with his iron hard hands, trapping him there. Davy struggled and fought to free himself. But it was no use… in the next instant his eyes flew open in total panic. Tucson cried out again and again in short hard gasps… lunging wildly with his body. The hot liquid spurted in repeated squirts into Davy's mouth.

The dominating hands released him, and Davy quickly stumbled away. He ran over to a nearby tree and vomited continuously. He stumbled away and practically fell to the ground where he lay leaning against a log for many minutes. When he lifted his head, Tucson had fallen asleep. Davy knew he must get away from this man.

The daylight hours found Davy walking earnestly to the west. He had avoided the highway, not wanting Tucson to catch up with him.

Unknowingly, he was drifting farther and farther from the highway, wandering deeper into the desert.

The heat of the sun intensed as the day wore on. Davy felt foolish. He should've stayed with Tucson until they were in Albuquerque.

He kicked off the top of a cactus and with a long thorn cut out a piece of it and squeezed its liquid into his mouth. It was a slow, but nourishing progress. He rested in the shade of a brush pile and nibbled the cactus meat.

Then, feeling much better he continued his journey.

He began to become weaker and weaker as the day continued. In a matter of a few hours he was staggering and stumbling. He had just climbed to the top of a hill, when suddenly he heard rifle shots and bullets slammed into the dirt at his feet. He dashed along the rocky area the best he could, climbing higher and higher. He turned to look and could see three men on horseback shooting at him.

He couldn't imagine why he was being shot at but he scrambled over the rocks as fast as he could. The bullets were flying all about him. One bullet hit close to Davy's face. He dodged the flying rock, but then something hit him hard in the shoulder, knocking him backwards, thus he lost his grip and fell. He tried to catch himself, but it was too late. He fell down the slope, rolling over and over. He could not stop himself. His body then hit a large jutted rock. It stopped his fall, but stunned him so that he didn't realize that he was heading blindly directly for the highway.

CHAPTER 9

Jason Steele had been a state trooper for at least twenty years, and the thing he had hated most was to see a kid fall victim to the desert. When he had been ordered to look for the missing 17-year-old heir to the Swanson fortune, he hadn't held out much hope of finding the boy alive in the desert, and when he did find him, off duty, still searching on his own time, he was not sure whether he was alive or not.

He examined the wound and found it was superficial. As he did so the boy came to and asked, "How did you find me?"

"What happened to your shoulder?"

"Someone shot me. Three men on horses. Oh, man, I'm so tired. I wish I could take a cold shower and sleep for a week. Man, I've had it."

"You can, little one," Jason said softly. What he was planning to do could very easily cause him to lose his job.

As they drove toward town, Davy studied the cop. His mind ticked… another one… another one after me… why me… sex stinks… I'll get away this time… before he can use my body…

Jason soon neared town. The big motel was in sight. "You wait in the car, little one. I'll get us a room. I'll take good care of you."

Jason quickly parked the car and went into the motel.

As soon as he was out of sight, Davy got from the car and headed away from the highway back into the desert. The desert held less fears for him now than did sex. But then the awful memory of the desert came back to him, and he impulsively called out, "Barnabas please help me!"

Then he decided he'd wait for a fast truck to come. It'd be so easy… all he'd have to do is step in front of it… death was the only answer. As if in a trance, Davy stood there waiting… then two headlights, set quite high, came roaring down the highway… the loud engine of the mighty truck roared louder as its evil eyes came boring down… it was like a huge dragon spitting fire and growling ready to strike its helpless victim.

Then something hit Davy hard… causing him to fall… but yet the hit wasn't as hard as he had expected… and to his surprise he

found himself lying on the side of the road… the big truck roaring on down the highway.

All that could be seen was the tail lights.

Davy then heard a voice.

"Hey, kid, you okay? Didn't you see that truck. Could've killed you."

Davy sat up, he looked about himself.

"I'm still alive!" he said in surprise. And he felt that he was glad that he was alive.

"You damn near wasn't," the huge, friendly man laughed. "If you're trying to hitcha ride, come on." He helped Davy up into his truck.

Davy felt safe with this man. They exchanged names. Big Mac was his host.

"Been driving this rig for twenty years for Swanson Oil Lines."

Davy grinned. "I guess that makes me boss!"

"You mean you're kin to Michael David Swanson… the big man, himself?"

"He was my father."

"I'm sorry, kid. Heard about the heart-attack. But don't you worry… I'm sure your dad would want you to be happy and cheerful. We all must lose someone we love at least once in life. Just think, you're my boss. I'm sure you inherited your father's companies."

"If it's left up to my sister and her no-good husband, I'll never see any of it. I don't care for the wealth. I just want my dad to know I love him. I hate to see that awful Bill Wright ruin all my father had accomplished.

"You say you want to make your dad know you love him, then there's one thing you must do. Go back, get a lawyer, demand to see the will and stand up to that Wright fella. Show him you're not afraid of him."

Davy thought for a moment. He was afraid of what they might do to him. But he was so tired of running. "Okay, Big Mac, as the probable owner of Swanson Oil Lines, I want you to turn this rig around and take me back to Texas."

CHAPTER 10

Sadly, Davy watched the big truck pull away. Now he was alone. Alone to face all these evil people in this stinking town. He watched the truck till it was nearly out of sight, then he went to his father's longtime lawyer and friend, Mr. McMeans. He took a deep breath then entered the office. He hoped that the lawyer would be there, because it was a little bit late.

When he told the secretary who he was, she looked at him as if she were in shock. She stumbled to the door and knocked frantically then entered. After a very brief moment, the lawyer burst from his office. "David." He put his hand out to the puzzled boy. "Won't you come into my office?"

Davy looked at them both and then went into the office. He had no idea why his visit was so shocking, but he thought it was rather funny. They acted as if they had seen a ghost.

Once inside the office, the lawyer spoke. "David, we are quite surprised to see you. We received word this morning that you had committed suicide…"

"Who told you that!"

"Your sister came here… she was all upset and broke the news to us. Poor girl, imagine it was a shock for her to hear… so close to your father's death and all."

"Oh, no. It was all planned. They wanted me cut out completely. Well, I'm very much alive and I intend to stay that way."

"David, you are a true mark of your good father." Mr. McMeans said it with pride. "I have your father's will, and it is to be read this Friday… but as you are here… I feel we can read the will now. Shall I call your sister?"

"Yes… do call her… but don't tell her that I am here."

"David!" Dianne gasped as she entered the room. Where did you come from!"

"My grave!" Davy said evilly.

"Alright, you no good little shrimp," Bill said brazenly, "you've done enough. You owe your sister several apologies."

"I don't owe her or you a damn thing!" Davy said bravely. "And

don’t you come bawling over me either, Mrs. Wright, because I don’t even know you any more.”

“Just a minute!” Mr. McMeans stopped the rising conflict. “Both of you, sit down quietly and let’s read this will, alright…”

Davy sat down first. His eyes followed Wright as he walked back to his chair beside Davy’s sister.

When the will had been read, they all sat in stunned silence. Davy had been left everything except the house Dianne lived in and a very small allowance for her.

Bill Wright leaped from his chair. “It’s not right. Swanson should’ve left half of his millions to his daughter!”

Davy couldn’t help it, he had to laugh.

The look of failure was too deep on Wright’s face. Davy laughed and laughed. His father had been avenged.

CHAPTER 11

Yankee had been chained to his dog house because of his attempts to escape and search for his lost master. This wasn't very pleasing to the huge dog, but little he could do about it. Lazily, he lay in front of the house.

But, suddenly, he sat bolt upright. His ears forward. His nose wiggled slightly as if searching for a familiar scent. The sound of a car approaching caused his ears and head to work back and forth as if searching for the lost voice. He knew the sound of that car. He waited. Then he heard a familiar footstep. He barked loudly.

Then the scent drifted his way… it was… it had to be. Yankee leaped against the heavy chain… yelping and whining and barking wildly. Now he could see him. Yankee lunged hard against the chain. The chain had grown weak from his many attempts to free himself, and one last lunge caused the chain to snap. He was free. He ran as fast as his four legs could carry him, straight for his master.

"Hi, ha!" Davy greeted the dog and laughed. The dog leaped on him, thus knocking him to the ground and then began licking the boy in the face lovingly. Davy laughed and tried to push the dog away from his face.

Tony had been awakened by the dog's barking. He got a robe and then hurried downstairs. There could only be one answer to the dog's barking. "Davy!" Tony squealed in delight and bounded out the door.

Davy looked up, "Hi, ya, Tony!" He greeted and met Tony's embrace.

Tony flung his frail arms about Davy's neck and kissed him all about the face.

"Hey! Cool it! You both will drown me with kisses."

The two boys went into the house and while Tony was bathing Davy's still open wound, Davy asked if he had seen Barnabas.

Tony didn't want to tell Davy about Barnabas, but he did. "He came here not long ago and was quite angry. I didn't tell him where you were. He accused you of having taken a lover… me… when he supposedly meant for you to lead a straight normal life. Then he

grew very angry and seized me by my throat and said he was going to kill me, but then decided against it… said he owed you that much or more for helping him. He told me that he didn't want to see you anymore."

Tony looked into Davy's eyes. "I told him I would tell you nothing, that he would have to speak for himself. He got real mad, and for a moment here I thought he was really going to kill me!" Tony's voice became nervous and quite excited. "He looked at me so mean like, and then turned away. I was so afraid."

"Don't you worry about a thing. I'll go talk to Barnabas this evening. I'll straighten him out."

"No, don't go there!" Tony knelt at Davy's feet. "Barnabas will see no one."

"I must go," Davy said softly.

"I don't want you to go," Tony said tearfully. "I can't let you go out there alone. Let me go with you… please, Davy."

"No, Tony." Davy got up from the chair. "If Barnabas is against you, then he would most surely not listen to what I'd want to say. I'll be alright. I'll go before dark. I'll even take a gun with me. How does that sound?"

Tony nodded his head. "Okay, but if you're not back in a couple hours, then I'm coming after you."

Davy mussed the boy's blond locks. "I think I'll rest some now, then I'll go."

Tony smiled sweetly and got from the bed. Davy lay back on the pillows and watched the blond boy leave the room. His mind was thinking of the boy's beauty and kindness.

Weariness crept over Davy's form and sleep soon put him resting peacefully as the day passed.

CHAPTER 12

As his motorcycle approached, the towers of the castle could be seen. Below them was the line of the protective wall that surrounded the once magnificent castle.

Davy stopped his cycle outside the drawbridge and trembled slightly. He couldn't decide whether or not he should continue. After a pause, he continued his journey slowly up the winding road to the ghostly castle. He hurried across the bridge and through the pitch black tunnel. He couldn't understand why he was so frightened. He had been in the castle dozens of times. Perhaps it was because of what Tony had said. Davy gritted his teeth and continued his journey across the courtyard and into the entrance hall. He opened the huge doors and entered the chamber. It was strangely dark. He wondered where Barnabas could be. Perhaps he was in the secret chamber… or in his study.

He also wondered if Barnabas was even there.

It was so strangely quiet. He climbed the stairs to the first tower. Just as he was about to enter the doorway, he felt a hand grasp his shoulder. Davy screamed and leaped back. He whirled about to face his enemy, but was drug from the landing, down the stairs and then thrown to the floor. He sat there in terror. Then the room lit up with plenty of light. Davy looked up to see Barnabas staring down at him. "Barnabas, oh, gosh… you scared me!" Then he noticed Barnabas' expressionless face.

Barnabas started to walk away, then whirled around quickly. "Let me ask you something. Why haven't you been to see me? Where did you run off to, why did you not tell me?" Barnabas yelled. "Or have you been peddling that pretty little bottom or is some old broad or queer you've been shacking with?"

"No… no, I haven't done those things."

"Don't start your bawling or whining over me. I don't care to hear it. Just get out!" Barnabas yelled. He started out of the room, but Davy ran after him.

Barnabas grabbed Davy by the throat and started choking him. "I'm going to kill you," he growled.

Davy clutched Barnabas hands trying to release their grip. "No…

Barnabas… listen. I love you!"

Barnabas squeezed harder, then suddenly released his grip and pulled the trembling boy into his arms. He cried, too. "Davy… forgive me. I didn't know what I was doing."

Davy looked up at his handsome friend.

Then he noticed that Barnabas looked awfully strange. Barnabas' face was no longer green.

The fangs were gone. His eyes were tear-filled and a normal green, instead of the eerie green they had once been. "Barnabas!" Davy shouted. "Hurry… come… look… look." Davy led his friend to the hall mirror. Barnabas peered into the mirror. He leaped back. Davy giggled and urged him back to the mirror.

"That is me?" Barnabas stared at his reflection. "I'm a normal people. And I still live. My research was true. Davy, I've been studying so hard. I thought I would die after I broke the curse, but, no, I'm still alive.

Davy's eyes danced with joy. He had won the long battle. At last. They chased each other around the room and finally into the shower. Barnabas was afraid of the results, but slowly turned on the water. He screamed, but Davy said he would have screamed, too, with just the cold on. He adjusted the water until they both were comfortable and rubbed the soap all over Barnabas' smooth flesh. Davy knelt down and kissed Barnabas' legs hungrily, then began to rub his hands over and finally grasp his lover's hardness. Then Davy slowly took him into his mouth, and what had seemed so demeaning with Tucson now seemed like a beautiful and natural act.

"Oh, Davy," Barnabas moaned. He threw back his head and cried in joy.

Tony and Ken hurried upstairs and to Davy's room. Fearing the worst, Ken opened the door quickly and they saw what they had hoped to see. Davy and Barnabas together. Sleeping… peacefully and happily, their arms wrapped protectively around each other.

"Tony," Ken smiled, "would you like to become my houseboy?"

Tony looked at the rich, happy-go-lucky man. He smiled, "Yes, I think that would be most enjoyable. What am I to do… for my boss?"

Ken hugged the lovely youth. "Be mine, and let me take care of you and look at your pretty face forever."

“I’ll do more than that.” Tony smiled.

“I’ll show you life that you’ve never felt or had. I love you.”

Ken and Tony then left together. To leave the two lovers and start their own little love nest. Forever… love!!!

THE END

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